

The Northern Ditty, Or, The
Scotch-Man Out-Witted
By the Countrey Damosel.

To an Excellent New Scotch-Tune, of, *Cold and raw the North did blow*, &c.

A Song much in Request at Court.

This maybe Printed, R. P.



Old and Raw the North did blow, bleak in the Morning early;



All the Trees were hid with Snow, cover'd with Winters yearly; As I came



Riding o're the Slough, I met with a Farmers Daughter; Rosie Cheeks and



bonny Brow, Good Faith made my Mouth to Water.

II.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
 meaning to show my breeding;
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 her Visage far exceeding:
 I ask'd her where she went so soon,
 and long'd to begin a Parley;
 She told me to the next Market-Town,
 a purpose to sell her Barley.

III.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty Pound lies fairly;
 Seek no farther one to buy,
 for I'll take all thy Barley;
 Twenty more shall purchase Delight,
 thy Person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt ligg by me all Night,
 and gang home in the Morning early.

IV.

If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,
 this thing I'd not do, Sir;
 Or were my Friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raise 'um so, Sir;
 For should you prove to Night my Friend,
 we'll get a young Kidd together,
 And you'd be gone ere Nine Months end,
 and where shall I find the Father.

V.

Pray what would my Parents say,
 if I should be so silly;

Give my Maidenhead away,
 and lose my true Love Billy?
 O, this wou'd bring me to Disgrace,
 and therefore I say you Nay, Sir;
 And if that you would me imbrace,
 first Marry and then you may, Sir.

VI.

I told her I had Wedded been
 Bourteen Years and longer,
 Else I'de chuse her for my Queen,
 and tye the Knot yet stronger:
 She bid me then no farther come,
 but maniage my Wedlock fairly,
 And keep my purse for poor Spouse at home
 for some other should have her Barley.

VII.

Then as swift as any Roe,
 she rode away and left me;
 After her I could not go,
 of Joy she quite bereft me:
 Thus I my self did disappoint,
 for she did leave me fairly;
 My Words knockt all things out of Joynt,
 I lost both the Maid and Barley.

FINIS.

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 street, without Newgate; And J. Blare, at the
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